

I LIKE TO LOOK UP AT THE CEILING/ FOR DESIGNS IN THE CRACKS

there are policemen in the street
and angels in the clouds
and sports in silk underwear in the
whorehouses
down through the mornings
up through the nights
parallel to the afternoons
there are crippled dogs in
East Kansas City
vampires in Eugene
and a long walk for a glass of water in
Twin Cities

I meant to write Angela
I liked the way she put those shawls over her
staircases
and her herb tea
and about the green vines in her
bathroom
and her collection of
Vivaldi

but I guess I'm crueller than
I think I am.

I LIVE IN A NEIGHBORHOOD OF MURDER

even the roaches spit out
paperclips
and the helicopter circles and circles
smelling for blood
searchlights leering down into our
bathrooms
and our two lid cache under the
mattress
5 guys in this court have pistols
another a
machete
we are all murderers and
alcoholics
but there are worse in the hotel
across the street
they sit in the green and white doorway
banal and depraved
waiting to be
institutionalized

here we each have a small green plant
on our porches
and when we fight with our women at 3 a.m.
we still speak

in low voices
and outside of each of our porches
is a small dish of food
that is always eaten by morning
we presume
by the
cats.

SUSAN'S SUNSET AND WESTERN:

gulgliagullia, said the fish, and gulgiliamiaastra,
said the other fish, and one was gold and one was
old and most of the others were like us;
zuggliamiassassiaonio, said the other fish, that was
the middle fish,
ylyi rrchhiipipi dada, said the other middle fish,
and beyow beyow blowed vlowed blow blow blweeed to the
tof of the war war war world out of everywhere
some guy leaned over in the bar and told me Marlon Brando
was a fag.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

INSTANT

i t h a p p
e n e d s o
f a s t i h
a r d l y k
n e w i t w
a s t h e r
e a n d t h
e n i t w a
s g o n e .

SHE SLEEPS EXAGGERATED

legs spread
wide apart
arms flung out on
both sides
i stand
watching pubic hair quivering

-- Herb Wrede

Ontario CA